

Calm after the Storm by KeeperofKnowledge

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Summary:

"So... crazy day, huh?"

Missing Scene from Season 2 Episode 9. Nancy and Mike are the only ones who are still awake and talk about everything that's happened. God knows that the two of them deserve a bit of peace and quiet.

Calm after the Storm

Author's Note:

- A translation of [Ruhe nach dem Sturm](#) by [KeeperofKnowledge](#).

This is my first fanfic written in English, although technically speaking it's just a translation of a previous fic of mine.

Hope you enjoy it!

“So... crazy day, huh?”

Mike reluctantly turned his gaze away from El's sleeping silhouette and faced his big sister. Nancy leaned against the door frame, arms crossed in front of her chest and looked at Mike with an unreadable expression.

“I called Mom and told her that you and the boys spontaneously decided to sleep at Will's. She didn't like it very much, but there's not much she can do at this late hour.”

Mike nodded silently and turned away from Nancy again, who raised an eyebrow seeing his apparent unconcern.

“Aren't you nervous because of the trouble you undoubtedly are gonna get into when we get home?”

Mike shook his head and snorted derisively.

“Do you think I give a shit about what Mom and Dad have to say? After everything that happened today?”

“I have to admit”, Nancy said with a wry smile, “that this weekend was really strange. Even for our standards.”

That managed to get a weak smile out of Mike. For a moment none of the siblings talked, then Mike sighed and his smile was replaced by the serious expression he had been sporting for almost a year now.

“Do you think we did it now? That all of these crazy things have finally come to an end?”

Nancy sighed heavily and ran her hands through her dark hair.

“I don't know”, she admitted. “We chased that Shadow Monster out of Will-”

“The Mind Flayer”, Mike interrupted.

“However we want to call it”, Nancy continued a little impatiently, “it's still out there. And if Will's right, then it will continue to try to

get into our own world and kill even more people.”

Mike nodded gloomily. Automatically his eyes darted to Will, who was lying in his sleeping bag between Dustin, Lucas and Max. The adults had wanted to let Will sleep in his own bed, but the Party had refused to spend the night in separate rooms. And since Will's own room was too small for six kids, it was promptly decided that everyone would sleep in the living room.

Nancy also looked at Mike's friend. Then she let her gaze wander about the other people who were gathered in the living room of the Byers House. Joyce lay curled up in an arm chair behind Will. Hopper was slumped in a chair, head tilted back and his hat pulled down over his eyes. Steve lay next to Dustin, his head resting on a big pillow and letting out a low whistle with every exhale of breath. Hopper had promised to get him to a hospital at the break of dawn, but that was still at least two hours in the future. At least Steve didn't seem to be in all too much pain. Nancy chuckled a little when she noticed how Dustin had turned in his sleep so that his head was using Steve's arm as a pillow. The friendship of those two different boys still amazed Nancy – especially because (to her knowledge) the two of them had practically never interacted until a few days ago.

A noise to her left drew her attention, and Nancy's smile grew wider as her gaze fell on Jonathan. The older Byers son sat bent forward at the kitchen table, his head lying on his forearms. He smiled lightly in his sleep, just as he had two days ago in Murray's apartment. The memory of their shared night made blood flow in her cheeks, and she hoped intensely that Mike wouldn't see her blushing face in the darkness.

She turned back to her younger brother and realized that his eyes were still locked on Will. Nancy put a hand on his shoulder supportively and tried to make her voice sound more confident than she actually was.

“Hey, listen. What happened to Will is terrible, I know that. No child should go through something like that, no one should. And I also know that this must be a lot harder for you than for me – Will is your best friend, after all. But until now we've always managed to save him, didn't we? No matter what the universe has thrown at us, we overcame it and we survived.”

Barb didn't survive, Nancy thought. Barb is rotting on the Other Side. Something flashed in Mike's eyes, and Nancy knew instinctively that he was thinking about Bob Newby and the horrible, bloody end he

had found. No one had given her any details about Bobs death, but she had heard enough of several people that she had a pretty good idea of what happened.

“Hey!”, Nancy said forcefully and grabbed both of Mikes shoulders.

“Don't think about Barb or Bob, okay? We can mourn for them later. For now we should just be glad that we're still here and that we made it once again.”

Instead of answering verbally Mike stepped forward and pulled Nancy in a fierce hug. After a moment of surprise Nancy also put her arms around her brother. For a while the two of them just stood there and enjoyed the calming effect the presence of the respective other had.

“I'm glad that you're still alive”, Mike murmured.

“I'm glad too that you're still alive”, Nancy responded with a soft smile.

She couldn't have said whether a minute or an hour passed.

Immersed in their heart-felt embrace, it seemed to the two Wheeler siblings as if they were in a bubble in which time stood still. For a while everything was forgotten: all the confusion, all the anger and all the fear that had defined the last two days. Even the deeply rooted hurt that had haunted them since that fateful week in the November of 1983.

But at last even that moment had to end, and Mike broke away from their hug with an embarrassed smile. He turned around and resumed the same posture with which Nancy had found him at the beginning of their conversation. Nancy followed his gaze and smiled to herself as she saw Eleven who was laying on the couch, sleeping peacefully. She hadn't woken up since Hopper had returned from Hawkins Laboratory, carried her unconscious body inside the house and carefully put her on the couch. Nancy frowned as she remembered how Mike had stubbornly refused to leave her side. Only Will waking up had made him turn his attention on something other than the young girl. And earlier in the night, when Eleven had walked back into their lives... what was it Mike had said as the two of them fell almost crying into each others arms?

I never gave up on you. I called you every night. Every night, for... 353 days. I heard.

“Hey Mike? Didn't we have an agreement?”

Mike just looked at her confused. Nancy sighed and explained:

“No more secrets, do you remember?”

It took a few seconds until Understanding displayed itself on Mikes face.

“We said that back on the day when... when El disappeared. Why?”

“Well, back then I asked you if you liked El and you denied it”, Nancy said with a mischievous grin.

“I may be wrong, but I don't think that you call your other friends every night for almost a year without even knowing if they notice or not.”

Mike blushed and stuttered embarrassed. But before he could even start an attempt at an explanation (which would have been futile anyway) Nancys expression grew more serious.

“No more secrets, okay? And I'm serious this time, Mike. We are siblings! If we can't trust each other, then who can we trust?”

Nancy stepped forward and fixated Mike with a piercing stare.

“If you have problems, no matter what kind... or if you want to talk about something from this mess with someone... I will always have an open ear for you.”

“Okay”, Mike said shakily and nodded.

“No more secrets.”

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“So, what is going on between you and Jonathan now?”

Author's Note:

If you liked the story or have constructive criticism,
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